

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

This, too, shall pass away.

The following, from the pen of "Helen G. Hawthorne," a deaf young lady, appeared in the *Christian Register* of September 10th.

To-day may be fair, but to-morrow will follow to-morrow;
And to each in his turn, soon or late, comes the dark day of sorrow.
The rose in our hand, dies the smile or the song on our lips,
And our life's wine is bitter, its sunlight is lost in eclipse.

To-day may be dark, but to-morrow will follow to-morrow;
We shall live and grow old, and forget, and be calm in our sorrow,
We shall be happy, perhaps, and why not? It is nature's sweet law
To forget and be happy at last. 'Tis not long since I saw
Barren, brown grave in the churchyard that now is grown over
Deep with the dewy green grasses and blossoms and clover.

We women and men! We, in truth, are a wonderful race.
Very godlike are we, very bold, that we put the pitying sun of our pitiful joys,—that we dare
Challenge Heaven and Hell to their worst in a moment's despair!
We, the insects that crawl on this leaf that to us is the world,
A blast from Eternity torn from the mother-tree,—whirlled,
Whither? We know not. We seem but the sport of the wind;
And a leaf even be lost to the Infinite Mind?

STORY TELLER.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

The war which I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our hands, that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest battles of the war, a young soldier was brought in from the field, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelist phrases it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature molded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and said as I rose; "Is there, then, no hope?"

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat, and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost all time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for, and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: "My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!" The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it

was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

"My mother!" he cried with almost frantic delight. "Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?"—and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child.

"Thank God!" he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—"thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed."

"My poor, poor boy," she said; "a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!" and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: "No, no! don't say that. Don't say accursed. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh! he cried after a moment's pause, "how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?" and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half consciousness; at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

"Truly it was a bloody field," he said. "I had been in several hard fought fights, before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the general was heard: 'At them, my boys, and do your duty!' What happened after that I know not. Know not, do I say! Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting among fiends, the surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded, when a fair haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself to halt in the midst of the melee, to kneel beside that fair haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear, dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!"

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard favored soldiers standing, by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tears welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

"Yes," he continued, soliloquizing, "my own arm had slain him. Dear, darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meat, and at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me. Oh, my brother! How glad I would I give my life to bring him back to me again! Stay, friends; do

not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I can not see my dear mother—Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass."

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strife and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.—*An Englishman.*

From Rev. Job Turner.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 14, 1891.
DEAR JOURNAL:—To my great satisfaction, I filled my appointment in St. Paul's Church, this city, yesterday afternoon. Among my silent people, about twenty-five in number, were Mrs. Hoagland, Mrs. Frederick, Patrick Dolan and A. S. Johnston, related to the late General A. S. Johnston, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh, Tenn.

I discoursed on "Christ, the good Shepherd," from John x. 4: "In the prophecies of Isaiah, too, the same sentiment is gracefully and tenderly expressed.—'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young' (Isaiah 40: 11). To illustrate the texts, I gave some appropriate anecdotes of shepherd-dogs, and then delivered, by heart, a sermon on the subject,—"Christ is our Guide, Preserver and Saviour."

I am now a guest of the late celebrated Laura Bridgman's second cousin in this fine city.

I see in a report from Yorkshire, Eng., that there was an exhibition at the Yorkshire Blind School, in 1883, which were exhibited, articles made at different blind schools in Europe and America, among which was one of the most interesting specimens of work—a collar made by Laura Bridgman, then fifty years of age, who was both deaf, dumb and blind. Her own handwriting was framed with her work, and she had sent a message from Boston, Mass., regretting her inability to be present at the fair. They had a jubilee celebration of the founding, in 1833, of the school supported of then, as a memorial of Wm. Wilberforce who had represented Yorkshire for thirty years.

A report from the New South Wales Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind at Sydney, Australia, informs me that a Hindoo deaf and dumb girl has been admitted as a pupil for the purpose of being educated, so that she might eventually return to India and impart to the similarly afflicted among her own people, there being no Institution there for that purpose. She has received some of the benefits of an education at the school. The Institution was erected on five acres of land, in 1871, and opened publicly in 1872.

On my way hither from Staunton, we passed through a short rock tunnel at Frankfort, Ky., last Friday, on the top of which is situated a beautiful cemetery, where lie buried Henry Clay's son killed at the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, Daniel Boone, the brave explorer of Kentucky. At Lexington, Ky., I passed one day with a highly educated deaf-mute gentleman, Robert H. King, Esq., who was President of the late deaf-mute reunion at Danville.

He is a successful insurance agent, representing several insurance companies. He told me that he often sat on the lap of Henry Clay, the statesman, when he was a boy. He had the pleasure of knowing many other statesmen in Kentucky. His wife was absent on a visit to her mother.

In my strolls, I stopped to see the white marble sarcophagus of Henry Clay, and that of his wife under the Clay monument, and the resting places of I. C. Breckinridge, J. H. Morgan, and other great men. Lexington is one of the finest cities in Kentucky.

My next stopping place will be Henderson, Ky.

OWENSBORO, KY., Sept. 15, 1891.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am stopping here for the night en route to Henderson, Ky., on public affairs.

They tell me that there are no deaf-mutes in this city, though its population is about ten thousand inhabitants.

I have met, by chance, a Virginia friend here, whom I had not seen for thirteen years, and who has been a resident of this city for ten years.

I once met some Virginia friend in Mexico City, and also in Europe during my travels. I still come in contact with Virginia acquaintances almost everywhere. One of them told me that he would not be surprised to see me on the top of Pike's Peak in Colorado. I was there, but I did not see the same gentleman there before me. I was, at that time, crossing the continent to attend the Teachers' National Convention in California.

They have no Episcopal rector in this city at present, or I might have a service here.

HENDERSON, KY., Sept. 17, 1891.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I got off here yesterday after noon, and conducted a combined service in St. Paul's Church, last night, with the Rev. W. H. Powers, in whom I found a first rate interpreter, owing to his good acquaintance with our sign language, which I attribute to his familiar association with his deaf-mute cousin, Mr. W. F. Johnston, of Appomattox County, Va., when they were play-boys in Richmond, Va.

This morning I ascended the Ohio river by boat twelve miles to Evansville, Ind., in which city I passed the day very pleasantly with Prof. and Mrs. Kerney till pretty late in the afternoon, when I took leave of them. I was much pleased with the work of his school. At his request, I talked to his pupils on various subjects. His perseverance will, if carefully cultivated, convert his little school into a state institution in which case it will be called the *Southern Indiana Institution* for deaf-mutes. His school is at present so small that he cannot admit any more than fifty applicants. It should get an appropriation large enough to build up a larger institution. I have got to start homeward to-morrow morning.

I am surprised that there are no deaf-mutes in this city and Owensboro, Ky., though they are quite populous cities.

A gentleman, my pleasant fellow traveler, a day or two ago, informed me that he saw two little deaf-mutes leave Hopkinsville, Ky., his home for Danville, Ky., which is the seat of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

I learn from the best authority, that a grand deaf-mute wedding will occur in Evansville, Ind., in two or three weeks.

I have come across your JOURNAL of the 10th inst., at Evansville to-day, and am sorry to learn of the death of my old classmate Mrs. Harriet Coon, nee Harriet Forbush. Mr. Allen will please accept my thanks for this information. What has become of Mr. Coon, of Norwich, which reminds me of something novel which amused me and Mr. Fitch? One pleasant day, Mr. Fitch drove me to Mystic, Conn., to visit my old classmate, Mrs. Ayres. While we were riding in a buggy, a rooster flew from the rear, over my head and then over the horse's, alighting on the ground in front of the horse and running out of sight.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

NOTICE.

Residents of Brooklyn are invited to St. Marks' Church, next Sunday afternoon, September 27th, at three o'clock.

Residents of Newark are invited to Trinity Church, Newark, on the same day and at the same hour.

VIRGINIA.

Resumed Business at the Old Stand.

THE NEWS IN GENERAL.

A Coming Richmond Marriage.

(From our Virginia Correspondent.)

THE JOURNAL of the past two or three weeks has been filled with newsy letters from its many admirers in old Virginia—which goes to show that though the JOURNAL is published three hundred miles away, it has a great deal of influence among the Old Dominion deaf-mutes, and its admirers are numbered by the score—not on your little finger and thumb!

The JOURNAL's "regular" Virginia correspondent is thankful for these letters and now that they are somewhat abating, we will again try to "rattle" off some "copy" (if it is worthy of the name) for the JOURNAL. However, very little going on down here just now. Fall has arrived, and the school at Staunton opened on the 2d of this month with a fair attendance in both departments. Many of the old pupils did not return, and they are sadly missed—and in the language of one of the officers, (who writes in a private letter), "there are hardly any pupils over fifteen or eighteen years in the deaf-mute department,—all are 'babies.'"

The *Goodson Gazette*, the Institution's organ, has appeared, and shows that during the 2d and 9th insts., inclusive, sixty-nine pupils in the deaf-mute department and thirty-seven in the blind department had reported. The party that is given every year on Friday night, following the opening day, came off on the 4th inst., and as usual, ice cream, cake, grapes and candy formed a prominent part.

There remain two vacancies in the corps of teachers—one each in the deaf and blind departments. It is stated that there are four applicants for the place in the deaf-mute department. As far as we can learn, they are Professor John W. Michaels, President of the Virginia Association of the Deaf, Miss M. Gay Trout, teacher of crayon drawing, Robert Bell, the genial Alexandria correspondent of the Philadelphia *Silent World*,—the fourth, we have not been able to learn, though reports say that it is lady.

There are one or two applicants for the vacancy in the blind department—they are, Wm. H. Anderson and James W. McCambridge, both graduates of that department, and the latter is foreman of the broom-making shop of the school. By the way, the industrial departments of the school are under full way now, and though there are a great many new pupils, who have very little (or none at all) knowledge of any trades, a great deal is being done by those departments.

The *Goodson* office has a full force of "devils" this year, and Foreman Berkeley and Geo. Tucker have no easy work with the new "devils." By mentioning the *devil*, it makes us think of the time we were at school—"devil" named Walton, (whether he is at school or not, we don't know just now,) who was a great fisherman, and as fond of fish as he was of candy. Usually on Saturday mornings before the principal had gotten well out of bed, this great fisher-boy would wend his way down the hall to the little office with a note, which read very much like this:—

"CAPT. DOYLE,
DEAR SIR:—Can I go fishing four miles, (or five miles)."
"THOMAS WALTON."

If the principal happened to be out of the office, the note never failed to find its way upstairs to his room, and the usual endorsement was written on the back of the note and returned:—

"You can go, if you are not on the blacklist."
"T. S. DOYLE, Principal."

And away Tom would fly to the monitor on duty to ask if his name was on the much-shunned blacklist.

Sometimes it was, but oftentimes it was not, and in event it was, he'd spend the day lagging around the grounds and frequently look in the big pond at the finny tribe and yawn for "just one or two"—but, alas! he was on the blacklist and not allowed outside of the playgrounds all day Saturday. If Dame Fortune smiled upon him, so that his name was not on the blacklist, away he would go, fishing-pole, tin can and worms, and a roll in his pocket for his dinner. And on the banks of Christian's Creek or middle river, he would sit all day long in the boiling sun if it was in summer time, or in the cold wind if it was early spring, and oftentimes, come home at eight o'clock in the evening with a couple of "suckers" hanging on a leather string, the much-loved fishing-pole and line on his shoulder, but the tin can and a few worms, which he had left, were thrown aside—but not so near the stream that they could crawl into the water and so make a feast for the first lucky fish that came along! Walton was suspicious, and thought that if a fish got a worm 'between times,' he would not catch any the next time he went afishing!

GOSSIP.

Misses Lizzie and Sallie Allen have moved from their old home in Prince Edward County to Rocky Mount, Franklin County, the house of Colonel George E. Dennis, one of the best members of the Institution Board of Directors. Col. Dennis' speech, as appeared in the JOURNAL two weeks since, was read with a great deal of interest by the JOURNAL readers in the Old Dominion.

Robert Bell, of Alexandria, was on a visit to the Institution recently. It is rumored that two of the last year pupils, viz:—Coleman R. Evans, of Danville, and Miss Emily McDonald, of Henry County, were recently married. It is not known whether the rumor is true or not.

We frequently have visits from a deaf-mute named William F. Elliott, who lives some five miles west of this place. He attended the State Institution before the late war and his memory of events that occurred in those days is remarkable. He is a prosperous farmer and lives in Trevilians, in this county, which place has considerable fame as being the scene of several very bloody battles during the Civil War. Mr. Elliott remembers distinctly the occurrences during the battles—he having been a witness of the fights. The last time he visited his *Alma Mater* was in 1874.

Several weeks ago, we had a pleasant call from William Hancock, a pupil in the 70's at the Institute. He is now assistant ticket agent at Alderson, W. Va., a point at the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. He was visiting his uncle in this county, when he heard of us and called. He had intended to be present at the late convention held in Richmond, but the railroad company failed to send him his pass over the road until a day or so afterward. However, he visited Richmond, but met none of the deaf-mutes there.

We learn that Miss Pearl King will (or has already made) make an extended visit to her brother's family in Accomac County, which is just across Chesapeake Bay from Norfolk.

Madame Rumor says that a marriage will shortly occur among the deaf residents of Richmond City. The groom will, it is said, be Mr. Joseph H. Heeke, a graduate of the St. Mary's School for the Deaf, Buffalo, N. Y. We are unable to say who the bride will be, but it is said that she is a resident of Baltimore. We extend hearty congratulations to our friend over the way, and hope most sincerely that his life may be filled with happiness and peace.

It has been often asked who compose the members of the Board of Directors of the Virginia Association of the Deaf. They are: John W. Michaels, Chairman, of Goshen; A. G. Tucker, of Richmond; S. C. Jones, of Roanoke; W. D. Jones, of Petersburg; Thomas McCreery, of Buchanan, W. Va.; and W. C. Ritter, of Louisa.

The delightful summer season has fled, and the summer resort proprietors are getting lonesome, indeed, in both company and the almighty dollar. The trains passing here bound east are loaded with passengers and trunks returning to their homes farther eastward from the mountains and watering places. This summer has been rather hard on the hotel proprietors in all parts of the country. A great many failures have occurred this season, and among them are the

Grand Atlantic, Congress Hall and Hygeia Hotels at Atlantic City.

Perhaps the JOURNAL's next Virginia letter will be addressed from a different place—not Louisa.

LOUISA, VA., Sept. 20, '91.

ONTARIO INSTITUTION.

SCHOOL AGAIN—INTERESTING JUVENILES—PATHETIC SCENES—PRACTICE ON THE DIAMOND—MIMIC WAR SCENES—INTERESTING VISITORS.

School is in. The summer vacation came to an end on the 9th inst. There was a big rush of little folks from the four cardinal points and from all other points of the compass to the Institution. Most of them came willingly and cheerfully. They had been there, and they knew what it was to be there. They expected to find the comforts and pleasures of a good home with important advantages added, and they were not disappointed.

The improvements and renovations at the Institution, of which previous mention has been made, were completed when the pupils returned, and they were much appreciated. Not for a long time have the class-rooms and other apartments looked so bright and cheerful. This is just what it should be. When children spend so much of the most impressionable period of their life in one building, which serves as a residence and school, their surroundings should be made as cheerful and attractive as possible.

The attendance this session will not be quite so large as that of the previous one, but it will be large enough for the convenience of all concerned. There are now nearly two hundred and fifty names registered, and a few more are expected.

Mr. Douglas, the efficient supervisor of the boys, is much pleased with the new additions to his charge. Nearly all the little fellows are bright and promising, and they evince a remarkable aptitude for becoming familiar with the rules and regulations of the Institution. A few of them exhibited much grief when parting from their friends, and they are all now taking a delight in their new associations.

The usually pathetic scenes were at the union depot in Toronto and elsewhere, when the time came for the fond embrace of mother and child before the long separation began. It is quite a trial for parents and especially a mother to put a helpless, afflicted child in the hands of strangers, though well recommended, and feel resigned to a separation that extends over a period of nine months. When they visit the Institution and witness the parental care that guides the child's destiny and the home comforts that surround its daily experience, their resignation is made easy.

Classification took place on the 15th inst., and now each teacher is trying to remember the names of twenty or more pupils who have been promoted from a lower class. The work of instruction will be carried on as usual, and the final examinations will reveal the results.

The boys have already begun practice on the diamond, and with the foot-ball. They have lost so many of their best players, that it will take some time to work up to the former degree of excellence. "Nil desperandum" is their motto, and we expect to see them challenging local clubs with the usual bravado.

A military camp has been located near the Institution, and we have become quite familiar with mimic war scenes. There were three divisions of the service represented,—infantry, artillery and cavalry, which, with bands of music and daily parades, made things lively in our vicinity.

Superintendent Mathison, with his usual generosity, extended a cordial invitation to the officers and privates of the camp to visit the Institution at their convenience. That his kindness was appreciated has been evidenced by the presence of red and blue coated men, with clanking side arms, in the classes almost constantly since. They gaze in silent amazement at the performances of the deaf children, and exchange glances that speak louder than words.

Friday, the 18th inst., was a field day, a general parade and march out making it one of interest to those who witnessed the spectacle. The pupils of the Institution were among the interested spectators, and they enjoyed it, too.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M. New York City.

ONE of the evils connected with deaf-mute education, is the refusal of parents to allow their children the full benefit of the term of schooling. From every State complaints have been heard on this topic. It is time, something was done to mitigate the bad effect of pupils leaving school, when only half-educated. The example of disregarding the opportunities and advantages afforded them is injurious in itself, while the result is generally of so emphatic a character that the individual offender needs no other proof than a few years' experience to convince him that he made a bad mistake in leaving school before graduating. Sometimes deaf-mutes are pointed out as poorly educated, and a reproach to the institution that they attended. If investigation were made, it would be discovered that such deaf-mutes were taken from school before their term had expired. The graduates of a school are seldom or never a reproach to their *alma mater*. Every deaf-mute who ignores his opportunities for further advancement, and goes out into the world only half-prepared, is working harm not only to himself, but to all of his class. Not being proficient in his trade, his lack of ability is wrongfully ascribed to his condition of deafness, and nine times out of ten will prevent a really efficient deaf-mute from getting even the chance to show that he is a capable workman. Some law might be framed that will protect the deaf, as well as society in general, from the impositions of these incompetent deaf-mutes, whose greed for the immediate possession of a weekly stipend, has rendered them oblivious to their future welfare. There is a law against allowing hearing children to work in factories until over fourteen years old. It is conceded that the ability to hear gives a child an advantage not to be computed in years. Still if we admit that at least six years is lost to the deaf child, then at twenty a deaf-mute has received the intellectual benefits that a hearing person has at fourteen. Then, why could not a law be passed, making it a misdemeanor for any one to employ a deaf-mute under twenty years of age, unless such deaf-mute holds a certificate signed by the Principal or Superintendent of the school wherein he was educated.

It will interest a great many readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL to know that the Volta Bureau has contracted for the purchase of a large number of copies (in pamphlet form) of the address on the "Combined System," delivered by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet before the Congress at Glasgow, Scotland. The pamphlets are to be printed at Leeds, England, and as soon as they are received, the Volta Bureau will distribute them gratuitously. This is a step which will materially lessen the suspicion that Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is attempting to push the pure-oral method at the expense of the combined system—in other words, to pull down the latter in order to build up the former. This action in reference to Dr. Gallaudet's celebrated dissertation reflects credit upon the bureau of which Dr. Bell is the head and front and central figure.

A REPRINT from the *Yonkers Statesmen*, in this issue, demonstrates a new field for operation in the education of the deaf by articulation and lip-reading. Possibly a calm and leisurely study and analysis of the fixed photographic positions of the lips as they appear when giving utterance to words, may be more progressive than the rapidly passing movements that are seen when watching the individual. Whether photographic reproductions are a step forward in articulation teaching, is not for us to say. Those engaged in the specialty of teaching will better understand and appreciate their value.

ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Normal Department.

THE CLASS OF '96.

Baseball and Other News.

(From our College Correspondent.)

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Peter Mitchell, Jr., is now living in Brooklyn, N. Y., but still slings type in a New York office.

The Manhattan Literary Association is to meet on October 1st. It will begin its 28th year of existence.

Miss Sattie C. Howard has returned from Newburgh to her home in St. Cloud, N. J. Miss Howard spent the summer in Belmar, N. Y.

Leonard Wasserman, of Amsterdam, N. Y., talks of going in the grocery business next year. The location has not yet been decided upon.

George W. Ferris, of Ashland, N. Y., had a pleasant visit from Edward Whalen, of this city. They both enjoyed a call from Miss Mary Shoemaker.

In order to set at rest conflicting rumors, it is announced that Mr. W. L. Waters and Miss Annie Isham were married at the residence of Mr. W. E. Dean, in Santa Barbara, Cal.

A few days ago, the Rev. Mr. Mann was made the recipient of a handsome, serviceable, silver-mounted cane, the gift of one of his Cleveland parishioners, Mr. Christian Meyer.

Mr. William H. Fosmire returned from a month's vacation on Labor Day, September 7th. On the 23d inst., he left for his parental home to be present at the wedding of his sister.

Miss Alice Houghton, of Worcester, Mass., died ten days after she lost her father. She attended Miss Edna Howes' wedding, with her brother, at Hyde Park, on the 9th of July last.

Mr. John Emerson, of Howland, Me., sends two dollars for the Gallaudet Home. Mr. Emerson is getting on in years, and has not fully recovered from an attack of "La Grippe," in 1889.

It was George Witschiel who purchased a lot and built a house in Arlington, N. J., and he did not patronize any building or loan associations in order to secure either the lot or the building.

Miss Belle C. Flagg, who has been stopping for the last five weeks at the "Florence" flats in New York City with her married sister, returned to her home in Boston, Mass., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brown, of Amsterdam, N. Y., gave a very pleasant party in honor of their son Ely. The usual outdoor sports were indulged in, and promptly at 12 o'clock, an elegant repast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. L. Lounsbury are at present the happiest couple in New York, and they ought to be; because at 3 A. M., on Monday last, a fine, healthy baby boy came to fill their home with sunshine and with joy.

William F. Genet, of Thomaston, Ct., has a wonderful three-year-old dog, that seems to know his owners are deaf. Recently he woke Mr. Genet and his wife at midnight, and they found the cause of alarm was a neighboring house on fire.

Rev. Samuel Rowe, of Methuen, Mass., writes that he wishes Rev. Job Turner to know that Isaac Wyatt is not dead, but is still doing odd jobs about the house. He delights to tell how he once made a box and presented it to Henry Clay.

The brother of Frank Widaman was admitted to the bar at Warsaw, Ind., not long since. He has signified his intention of settling down in Southern California in the future, where he will practice law. Frank will in all probability follow suit about next year.

Mr. Wm. H. Rose has returned from a two weeks' outing at Lake George, N. Y. Last Sunday he was seen at St. Ann's church, looking in the best of health. The bronzed complexion of his face, gave indication that "roughing it" this year did him much good.

Mr. Harrison Burt, of Troy, is expected to lecture for the Albany Bible Society on Sunday afternoon, September 27th, at the Jay Street Parish House, at 4:10 o'clock, as the Society re-opens on the 27th inst. The attendance should be full for special business after the meeting.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., spent a week with her relatives in Atlantic City, N. J., on the 9th of this month till the 15th inst., and she had a splendid time with her friends at the Mikes Island. She caught thirty-six clams and eleven crabs, on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th insts.

Mrs. Harriet Hunt of Gray, Maine, used to keep house for her widowed father, and her old friends, of Boston, used to visit her previous to her marriage. She has one unmarried brother, Mr. Lewis Tucker, who deals in rattan goods, on Beacon Street, opposite Boston Common.

The Rev. S. Stanley Searing will give a reception to the Bishop of Massachusetts, Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., in the interests of Deaf-Mute Missionary Work, on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8 P. M., at 22 East Brookline Street, Boston, Deaf-Mutes residing in and near Boston are cordially invited to be present.

"St. Matthew," of Brighton, the hustling Inspector of the P. R. R. Company, "did" Irwin, and of course, while in that progressive little city did not positively forget to call at the Irwin Standard to see his old friend, "Imperator" recently. His visit to the office was terse but pleasant. It is unnecessary to state that he is conversant with all the current topics of the day. It will please his many friends to learn through the columns of the JOURNAL that he gives universal satisfaction to all officials connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad, "St. Matthew" says he has in contemplation an extended trip to the wide-famed Falls of Niagara some time this fall, provided he can procure a pass. It is to be sincerely hoped that he may find it much to his advantage to gaze upon the wonderful falls.

For two rounds feathers flew thick and fast, and the crowd howled with delight. When time was called, the referee advanced and declared the fight (?) a draw amid hisses from the Pennsylvania delegation.

The Reading Room Club was re-organized last Friday with the following officers in control for the first half of the year: Lange, chairman; Taylor, '92; Tilton and Hostermann, '93; Divine and Ryan, '94. Hitherto it has been the custom to order periodicals and magazines to end with the office of the Board, but at this general meeting of the students, it was decided to extend the time to June. All new periodicals and magazines will be ordered for four months and a half, their continuation to be subject to the pleasure of the next Board. This is an improvement, and will save time, trouble and expense. The treasurer's report showed a balance of forty-eight dollars.

Dimick and E. Long, '92; Drought, '94; and Wright, '95, have severed their connection with the college. In Mr. Dimick's absence, the college has lost a hard-working student. In the old laboratory where he used to spend the greater part of his spare time, a strange stillness pervades. There are his tools scattered about, left to rust. His electric battery, his own construction, lies idly on the shelf—a silent rebuke for then—we will say no more. He will enter the engineering department of the Wisconsin University during the winter.

Success to him. Some angel left a girl baby at the doorsteps of Prof. Hotchkiss' residence last week. Accept congratulations, Professor.

The Freshmen have challenged the Sophomores to a cane-rush to take place next week.

Prof. Hotchkiss preached an interesting sermon Sunday afternoon.

M. M. T. KENDALL GREEN, Sept. 20, '91.

MISSISSIPPI NOTES.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 16, '91.

DEAR JOURNAL:—There are eighteen deaf and dumb printers in our State. They learned the trade of printer at the office of the *Deaf-Mute Voice* before leaving school. They are working very finely. Their employers are much pleased, and think they are more attentive and industrious than speaking printers.

In Franklin County, Miss., a deaf and dumb carpenter is building a new cottage, with six rooms. He has no workmen to help him. Mr. Simms will pay him \$190. His job is good. We hope he will succeed.

Mr. Philip Mosby, of Holly Springs, Miss., left for Memphis, Tenn., a few days ago. He is working in the marble yard. It is said that he is a fine stone-cutter. He is a mute. He worked at the Confederate Soldiers, and Jeff Davis Monument, in this city, last year.

Mr. G. S. Erwin, of Itawamba Co., Miss., has been appointed hearing foreman of the Deaf and Dumb Colored Institution. Mrs. Ollie Erwin has been appointed as matron of the institution. She is Mr. Hugh Erwin's wife. Ollie was graduated at the Mississippi Institution four or five years ago. They may return to Jackson on the last week of this month.

Mr. W. A. Jordan, hearing supervisor of the Boys at the Institution, has been summering at Montague, Tenn. He will return to Jackson soon.

There are ten uneducated deaf and dumb children to be added to the attendance roll this year.

It was reported yesterday that a Mr. Denn was killed by the train at Gatman, Miss., last week. He was deaf and dumb, and twenty-five years old. Where did he go to school?

Miss Mattie Henderson and her mother expect to move to Arkansas to live, next winter. We are sorry to miss Mattie in the Institution.

A deaf and dumb friend, of Vernon, Ala., is much pleased with the JOURNAL, and will subscribe.

LAWRENCE.

JARVIS-MOERS.

On the 12th of last August, Miss Lottie G. Moers, of Milo, Me., and Mr. John H. Jarvis, of Bangor, Me., were duly married by Rev. Mr. Taylor, with A. L. Carlisle interpreting, at the bride's home. They received many useful presents from their many friends.

They are keeping house at No. 160 Ohio Street, Bangor, Me. Miss Moers has been at Stamford, Ct., School a few years, and is a smart and beautiful lady and can talk very well. She can hear people talk at a little distance. Mr. John Jarvis is a very excellent workman in the wood mantle factory, and commands very good wages.

A. L. C.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 12, '91.

HAS NO EQUAL.

It is not generally known that *The News* is gotten up by a deaf-mute. Mr. W. C. Ritter is his name, and we can truthfully say we don't believe his equal as a useful man on a paper or in a printing office can be found. When copy is short he with lightning like rapidity rattles off solid editorials and breezy localities; solicits and collects, wets down, the papers, entertains visitors, writes and wraps up the mail, and when the pressman is ill, he switches off to the wing and takes charge of the engine and press. So systematic is his work that he does it all and spends the evenings walking and driving with his most charming better-half. He deserves a place where his salary would equal his worth.—*Louis (Va.) News*.

Germany's Blind and Deaf Poet.

THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF HIERONYMUS LORM—A LIFE OF GREATER PRIVATION THAN THAT OF MILTON—BLIND AND DEAF FROM HIS YOUTH—HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN LETTERS AND POLITICS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

BERLIN, August 15.

Not since the days of Milton has a poet been visited with such a terrible affliction as Hieronymus Lorm, who celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth in Dresden a few days ago, amid the homage and congratulations of his admirers and friends. But even Milton's lot was mild, compared with that of the "patient prophet" of Austro-Germany. The creator of "Paradise Lost" could still find joy and consolation in the strains of "Music, heavenly maid," and the voices of his friends. But poor Lorm is deaf as well as blind. Since his fifteenth year he has heard no sound. His long life of affliction and deprivation, however, has been full of beauty and is pregnant with glorious lessons to all mankind.

When it was still the custom in Germany to compare literary lights, men were prone to call poor Lorm the "German Leopardi," signifier of pessimism. The name has clung to him ever since those days, although there is little in common between him and the Italian writer, save their afflictions. Lorm early learned the philosophy of resignation, unlike his battling, discontented colleague. Melancholy tones are heard, too, in Lorm's poetry, but they are momentary, and give way to "gladsome, hopeful music." Pity, indeed, is distasteful to the quiet poet's soul. He spurns it. Pity in the face of his endeavors and successes is not the uppermost feeling in one who surveys the shriveled form of Lorm. It is rather admiration; admiration for his victorious fight against fate, admiration for his optimism, admiration for his successes. His career indeed is inspiring.

Hieronymus Lorm was born as Heinrich Landesmann in the small, beautiful Mikolsburg in Southern Austria, the son of Jewish parents. When a mere sickly child his father and mother removed to Vienna, where the future poet began his education. On the threshold of young manhood, however, when fifteen years old, he was afflicted with a disease which confined him for a year to his bed. When he recovered his strength his hearing was gone and his eyes were almost blind. For a time the unhappy youth was inconsolable. He regretted above all the compulsory renunciation of books and the permanent interruption of his cherished studies. But the deep love of a tender mother preserved him from melancholy despair. Under her care his burdens gradually grew lighter, and he resigned himself to his cruel destiny. His patience was truly Job-like, his perseverance was almost marvellous. Ambition awakened within his breast and he longed, strange to say, to play an influential part in political history. He conquered. With iron energy and Heaven-sent perseverance he succeeded in overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties, in acquiring deep knowledge and in winning the esteem of men who were glad to be his companions. In 1846 Lorm entered the literary and political arena with his "Politics of Vienna," a bitter philippic against the Metternich system in vogue at that days. The Minister's agents, in consequence of the attack, made Vienna unpleasant for Lorm. He removed to Berlin, but returned to the Imperial city on the Danube in the revolutionary days of 1848. His pen never rested. His journalistic, philosophical and literary contributions made his name widely known and his owner influential. His political talent manifested itself also soon after his return to Vienna.

Strange to say—for it is strange, considering his bodily afflictions—he fell in love. Stranger still, perhaps, his love was returned by the beautiful girl to whom he sang:

Ich liebe Dich! Mit schmerzlicher Gefühle,
Erbe' ich ueber Dich die Haende.
Ich fuehl's wie bald ich Dir entflehen werde,
Erhoerung siehst das Wort nicht, das ich sende.
Nur wissen sollst Du, Herrliche der Erde,
Dass Du der Trost in einem menschen ende.

In 1856 Lorm led to the altar the one woman who had inspired his deepest feelings. She has been a faithful, loving wife, and a devoted mother to his children. She shared, too, in the homage given her clever husband. To her he owes much. Soon after his marriage Lorm published his "Anecdotes of a Returned Wanderer" and "Short Stories." In 1853 he removed to Dresden, which ever since then has been his home. There, too, he has been an indefatigable worker. Poems, novels and essays have appeared in profusion from his pen. Only two years ago he won a literary prize with his "Head-covering of the Madonna." His poems have been published in several editions, and his philosophical works form a part of the famous library of the "Society for the Spread of German Literature." Indeed among the pleasant surprises to the aged poet on his recent birthday was the issue of a new and complete edition of his works on the part of his publishers.

Despite his age and trials, Lorm is still comparatively hale and hearty, and another decade may roll by ere he is "gathered to his fathers." In his quiet, pretty home, in Dresden, he is

the centre of a loving family and the object of veneration to many friends.

"Regularly at a certain hour in the afternoon," wrote his former secretary recently, "I entered his room. It was unnecessary to knock because he could not hear. Neither could he see me approach him, for he is blind. He lay upon a sofa in the dark room, surrounded by thick clouds of smoke from his Havana. At first it was impossible to see the poet. But gradually the small, dear man, with the shaggy silver hair, and gray, full beard, and the wonderfully tender and helpless line about the mouth, came into view. Standing before him he could not know that any one was near him. In his left hand he carries a leather band to facilitate communication. Only by touching his hand could he learn of my presence. The code is simple. The vowels are represented by slight raps upon the five finger tips. Certain combinations, easily learned, make the consonants, and one soon becomes able to converse with the interesting man. Reading to him is more difficult, as only one of the lector's hands can be used in 'telegraphy.' The poet is a master in chess."

Thus lives Hieronymus Lorm, "the reasonless optimist," as he calls himself. No man, possibly, has celebrated life's traditional limit with heartier, truer wishes for continued strength than he. The Germans and Austrians love him—less, perhaps, for his works than for the example and lessons of his noble life.

Photography of Lip Movements.

The art of photography is employed for an ever-increasing variety of uses, from the photography of the stars to that of the smallest germs. One of the most useful and recent photographic efforts is the so-called "method of analyzing motion by the chronophotograph," widely known in its former application by M. Morey in the case of moving animals, and lately employed by M. Demeny, a preparator at the physiological station of M. Morey, to examine the movements of the lips in speaking.

Unlike the new investigations of tones which result in the beautiful "voice figures," or drawings produced by the voice breathed through an instrument, this photographic effort is declared to be wholly practical. Its results are especially valuable in educating deaf-mutes, since they show that the form of the mouth is quite definite for the different articulate sounds.

The photographs of the movements of the lips make a picture-language which a deaf-mute who has been accustomed to read from the lips of the speaker can easily understand. It is said that a young pupil of the National Institute of Deaf-Mutes in France could read the vowels and diphthongs as well as the labials.

In bringing the matter before the Academy of Science in Paris, M. Demeny expressed the hope that in continuing his researches he would be able to develop a new method of educating deaf-mutes by sight from more perfect photographic images. A magic lantern lecture could be delivered to deaf-mutes in this way.

The experiments are an interesting illustration of the readiness with which scientists seize upon all practical methods in pursuing their investigations. Photography is applied to the advance of physiology as well as to that of astronomy. In its reproduction of lip movements it opens a field that may prove interesting to philologists, educators and scientists.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Triple Sorrow.

DIED.—In Deering, Maine, January 8th, 1891, Charles Stevens, aged seventy-one years.

Mr. Stevens, when a boy, worked with his father as a ship blacksmith. At the age of twenty-one years, he entered the American Asylum, at Hartford, and remained there four years, leaving in 1846.

While in school, he learned the trade of a cabinet-maker, which occupation he followed until a few years ago, when failing health compelled him to give up the work.

In 1856, he married Miss Randella Sherman, a graduate of Hartford. Mr. Stevens was honest and upright in all his dealings, a man possessing a very genial disposition, and was very kind and loving in his family. The cause of his death was cancer in the stomach.

Mrs. Stevens had hardly begun to recover from the great loss she had sustained when a sister was taken from her, last March, and then, as if her cup of sorrow was not quite full, on Tuesday, September 15th, she was called upon to give up her only child.

Her daughter, Miss Lillie Babb, went to the Maine General Hospital, September 10th, for the purpose of having a tumor removed. After the operation she was very comfortable, and was thought to be doing well, but an unexpected change came Tuesday noon, and she died at six o'clock that night. Her age was thirty-three years. She leaves a husband, son, two daughters, and mother to mourn her sudden death. The sympathy of many friends is extended to the family, and especially to the mother, in this, their hour of sorrow.

Misses Emma Proctor, Hester Sanborn, Bridget O'Brien, and Messrs. O. D. Deering and H. P. Hunt attended the funeral.

A FRIEND.

Philadelphia Pick-ups.

The old school opened last Tuesday; a great disappointment, because the new buildings are not yet finished to welcome the pupils.

Nearly 450 deaf-mutes from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf went down to Atlantic City last Thursday. The owners of the merry-go-rounds, steam launches and toboggan slides, tendered to the use of their apparatus to the visitors gratis.

Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, who returned to this city from his vacation, looks fully invigorated, and paid his first respects to the ever genial Principal, Mr. A. L. E. Crouter.

I suggest that the deaf of this city as well as the New York muties, should boom measures for honoring Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York City, on his golden wedding anniversary. The doctor is nearing the forty-eighth anniversary of married life. What say you, "Montague Tigg"?

The members of the Pennsylvania Association for the Advancement of the Deaf lost a valuable member in Mr. George W. Steenrod, of West Virginia, lately deceased. He was well respected by all who came in contact with him. Mrs. G. W. Steenrod and family will please accept our sympathy for their sad bereavement in the loss of their beloved husband and father.

A deaf-mute woman being very fond of birds purchased a polly. Not knowing that the bird was a most fluent talker, she placed it above the office desk. A stranger came in the office and the bird in a panic-stricken voice kept screaming: "You go out of here; I won't talk to you to-day!" "Go out, I say!" The bird having been put behind a screen, the stranger thought it was the woman speaking, and he retired at once.

An amusing incident was related by a certain mute last night, who having looked for his ice creepers in vain on a cold frosty morning started away from his residence to work. While walking, he accidentally slipped on the sidewalk, and to his great surprise the ice creepers flew out of his coat pocket.

Mr. William Wallace, a deaf-mute who worked with Thomas Breen for about seven years, fell a victim to consumption of the lungs last April, and he died last week. His employer was very kind in keeping him on the pay roll until he died. The employees contributed as much as nearly \$40 to defray the burial expenses.

The deaf-mutes of this city contemplate going into the new company, if it proves a fact. The latest scheme seeking the favor of the Philadelphia public and the shekels appertaining to the same is "The World's Fair excursion company." The prospectus of the company sets forth that for the sum of \$52, the company will provide certificate holders with transportation to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, six days' board and lodging, with hotel accommodations, and six admissions to the World's Fair grounds. Certificate holders are required to pay \$2 entrance fee, and the \$50 can be paid by the members in small weekly payments, according to the sum decided upon at the time the application is made. This sum must be paid weekly until the full \$50 have been paid. Failure to pay weekly dues for four weeks works a forfeiture of all moneys; though a member making application for the return of his money before he becomes four weeks in arrears, will be entitled to a return of 75 per cent if the money paid. The company expects to take out ten thousand people, and if their expectations are realized, they will profit considerably thereby.

MR. SPY.

Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. Keisel accompanied Miss Whitelock, now a student at the College, and several new pupils to Washington last week.

The now well-known Chas V. Park struck this town several weeks ago, but met with a very chilly reception from the deaf here. He told us, however, when we ran across him in Shamokin, Pa., a short time since, that he had succeeded in obtaining letters of recommendation from the Y. M. C. A. secretary and several ministers here, and had found this a good town to work.

Mr. Robert Rives, of Texas, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, in company with a hearing friend visited some of the deaf here last week.

Miss Senkind, of the Kendall School, who has been spending part of her vacation with Miss Cornog, returned to Washington a few days ago.

The approaching nuptials of Miss Katie Sheick, of Philadelphia, and Mr. James McMonigle of this city, is looked forward to with interest here. It will be the first time such an event has occurred here in seven or eight years.

Mr. Merriek returned home last Monday, having been on the road almost constantly since May. He met with a good deal of success at card-writing in various places in Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia, and was royally treated by the deaf in almost every town he visited. He will take in the various fairs in this neighborhood until November, among others the Frederick, Md., and York, Penn.

Sept. 20, '91.

BACHELOR.

Mrs. E. J. Welch, who used to live in Randolph, is now at Port Royal, Juniata County, Penn.

NEW YORK.

As It Is Now
SO IT WILL ALWAYS BE.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"The once famed Gallaudet Club had to take a back seat; the pace set by the younger organizations were too hot." Ah! how the sound of this must grate on the sensibilities of those who were high in the ranks of that organization. Run to earth by an element their inferior in age, culture, etc. How the youngsters must smile! What demoniacal-like grins overspread their infantile countenances when they come to ponder 'twas the pace they set that upset the organization supposed to represent the very flower of New York mutedom!

"New York seems to be sorely in need of an organization that will be an honor to the deaf members who compose it, and the community at large." We could delve down and bring up no end of possibilities on this point, but will content myself to give "Hurry Scurry" satisfaction, by recourse to a few facts, that may throw light upon the subject, and perhaps, at the same time, do some good.

"What's the matter with the Manhattan Literary Association?" "What's the matter with the guild room of St. Ann's Church as a meeting room?" These two questions are not original. They were proposed some time ago, when it was suggested the M. L. A. should receive new additions, were they to hire a room or suite of rooms, where the members might convene on any evening during the week. Charley LeClereq was the president, we believe. He not only proved efficient, but introduced new features that, if rightly appreciated by those crying after association, would have set the M. L. A. on the road to recapture some of its old-time vim.

That the organization was paving the way to receive recognition from their hearing brethren, was shown by the engagement of Col. Elliot F. Shepard in the lecture line. Such work, however, seemed not to have the desired effect. Recruits to the roll came few and far between.

We'll jump over the bridge, and land among our Brooklyn cousins. They were independent to a degree, not only paid their rent, but paid for the entertainment they dished out to members and deaf-mute friends. For a time everything looked rosy. But, how deceiving are appearances! The society was forced to retire last spring, until the exchequer could be replenished; but of a couple of hundred deaf residents of the "City of Churches," only a dozen found attraction in the Brooklyn Society. Their entertainment was wholesome, as it was served by themselves and outsiders who could be easily understood. They failed to fill the bill.

Back to New York again. Charitable organizations. The less said about them the better. They do their work conscientiously, it is hoped. They have nothing to do with the other organizations, except as the latter are inclined to interest themselves in their behalf.

The Union League Club. That is the organization apparently prospering. It is, so far as entertainments are concerned, though as successful ones have been given by other organizations. The club's membership is limited to graduates of the Lexington Avenue School. The limitation is nobody's concern but their own. They have a perfect right to admit and reject whom they please. That any anxiety has been expressed on this point by graduates from other schools, except in very few instances, we have yet to learn. The entertainment provided by the club savors of the special character. They are not entirely independent, and cannot claim to be until they have shown themselves owners or lessees of the place they meet in, and the articles contained therein. Perhaps, in time, their object will receive recognition and applause from the friends of those the club is intended to benefit, the graduates of the institution, where all received their education.

Will it be worth while to speak of the Adelphi Literary Union? Perhaps not, considering its youth. But a glance can be taken back upon the career of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, and the St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn. The name of the former defined its object. For six long years success hovered over it. Entertainments of gilt edge order were always the rule under its management. Recognition of a very complimentary kind was bestowed upon it by both press and public. Despite this, not one-half of those who could have joined its ranks, came forward. Its release of life was brought about more from circumstances that could not be avoided, than from lack of interest in its welfare. The Adelphi Union, however, may be said to be the same organization in new shape. As to St. Joseph's Union, earnest endeavors on the part of several Brooklyn mutes could not keep it above the waves.

Now, what was the matter with all the organizations that have ceased to live, and the Gallaudet Club? What, since the demise of each, and during the course of life of those still living,

has become of the ideas and plans of the wisecracks who were bent upon setting the foundation of a deaf-mute organization that was bound to succeed? What has become of the results that emanated at the several meetings called and attended during the past few years for that object? To put it mildly, we will say a waste of wind, and a little newspaper talk. That's all. Why? No expressed plan was formulated before the call of the meetings. The plans were confined to a too limited few. The course of those not treated with recognition was to turn round, and while showing interest, be at the same time laughing in their sleeves. The opinions of supposed wisecracks were consulted to the detriment of more commonplace opinions from others anxious to see the formation of a perfectly independent organization, and who would have interested themselves in its behalf, too. Another cause of complaint seems to be the fact that all concerned did not tread on common ground. A distinction is made. A few are given preference in everything that comes. Many of the others are relegated to a back seat, and rather than show they feel the slight thus cast upon them, they mope around for a time, show up less frequently, and finally fade away altogether. Then does the organization fall into obscurity, and that is one of the reasons why New York has no deaf-mute organization with a club-house or even a club-room it can call its own.

We might give other reasons, did time and space permit, but leave that for some future time.

What's the matter with the M. L. A.? It is an incorporated body. Its ranks are open to all respectable mutes who care to enter them. If its scope of usefulness is not now sufficient, amendments can be added, and other details attended to that will bring it into conformity with the kind of organization desired.

What's the matter with the Brooklyn Society? The same reference made to the M. L. A., will apply to it.

What's the matter with the Union League? It minds its own business, and as that does not affect the other organizations apparently, no further comment is necessary.

What's the matter with the Adelphi Union? Nothing to speak of just now, excepting that new additions to its ranks are wanted, though the effort to secure them has not been put forth very earnestly.

Would one deaf-mute organization for New York succeed? No. The opinions of its mute residents are too divided, which may also be said of their tastes. As it is now, so it will always be, is the opinion of

MONTAGUE TIGG.

PHILADELPHIA.

A few weeks ago it was rumored in this city and in New Jersey that the Apollo Workingmen's Club was to be raided by the police. For what reason no one knew, because since its organization it has violated none of the laws of the city. The Apollo Club has always been conducted honestly, and no one knew how such a report was circulated, but as it was stated that the raid was to be made yesterday, the door was open as usual at the hour the report said it would be raided. It was not raided at all. It was only a bluff.

It was learned later that some one tried to have the Club raided, but all his exaggerated stories failed to disturb the members. The person who brought all this trouble about has been dropped from the membership roll. President Lipsett wishes it clearly understood that such action is blackmail, and the sooner a stop is put to it the better. Meanwhile the Apollo Workingmen's Club still lives.

A few days ago, a deaf-mute lady went into a grocery store in Kensington, Pa. After purchasing what she wanted, she went out with her grandchild under her arm. At a distance from the store she met a stranger, who told her to look under her arm. Would you believe it, but it's true nevertheless. The child got hold of a cord in the grocery store, and still held on to it. The lady was somewhat puzzled how the child could hold on to it all the way, and did the best thing under the circumstances, returned all the cord to the grocer. The grocer's clerk had seen it run, but allow it to run as a joke.

Last Saturday evening, Mr. W. H. Lipsett delivered a very interesting lecture on "Life in Libby Prison" and Col. Rose's "Great Yankee Tunnel," which pleased the audience in Apollo Club house. There were only thirty present, but a fair amount was realized from the lecture. A kind of mock trial in pantomime will probably be given next month. On All Hallows Eve a pleasant party will be given.

Mr. M. Block, who was run over by a street car a few weeks ago, had one of his legs amputated, and is still lying in St. Agnes' Hospital. He wants deaf-mutes, who can, to visit him.

Mrs. Belknap and Miss Goddard made a trip to Trenton, N. J., last Sunday.

Mr. F. Buch went over to Norristown, Pa., yesterday afternoon and returned in the evening.

Messrs. Kavanaugh, Fowle and Anderson came by water from Baltimore, Md., yesterday morning. They visited the Apollo Club rooms and other places of interest in the city. They expect to go home this afternoon or to-morrow.

THE RECORDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21, '91.

Sunflower State News.

The Kansas School for the Deaf opened its doors for the reception of pupils on the ninth of September.

The officers and teachers for the following year are as follows: Prof. R. Tefft Walker, M. A., superintendent; Mr. James M. Craig, steward; Miss Mary Marshall, matron; Mrs. Mary C. Neff, assistant matron; Mrs. Fannie Wilkins, assistant matron and needle-work; Miss Nora Johnson, housekeeper; Mr. William Games, supervisor of boys; Miss Ellis, supervisor of girls; Mr. Robert Scott, bakery; Miss Carrie Roper, private secretary and visitors' attendant; Mr. Fredrick J. Ross, engineer and machinist; Mr. William K. Brown, assistant engineer; Mr. David Bodley, night watchman; Capt. William Harrison, foreman of the cabinet-shop; Mr. Lee, foreman and editor in the printing-office; Mr. Joseph H. Cartwright, foreman of the shoe-shop; Mr. James A. Key, farmer and gardener.

Among the old teachers are Misses Ellen J. Israel, Fanny McKinley, M. Pearl Harrison, Mae D. Stout, Fannie Eddy, Kate Lindsay, Susie E. Jones, Cora B. Livingstone (who takes the art department). Profs. Richard T. Thompson, David S. Rogers, B. A., and Edwin C. Harah, B. S.

Among the new teachers are Misses Bessie Capper, of Kansas, Cora E. Coe, of Indiana, Inez Townsend, of Kansas (who takes the articulation class), Dr. J. H. Brown, M. D., of Michigan, Hon. E. E. Clipping, of Nebraska and Prof. John W. Thomas, of Kansas.

Miss Bessie Capper, of Kansas, who was a private secretary and visitors' attendant, has been appointed teacher.

Mrs. Mary E. Thompson, who resigned her position as teacher last June, had been teaching deaf-mutes for eighteen years. She is an old graduate of the New York School for the Deaf, and was a very good and kind teacher. Her husband, Prof. Richard T. Thompson, an old graduate of the same school, has been teaching since 1872.

Prof. Cecil R. Watson, who resigned his position as teacher last June, has been appointed a teacher at the Minnesota School.

Professor Benjamin O. Sprague, at the close of the year in June, resigned from the Kansas School. He had been a teacher in the school four years. He is a graduate of the Ohio School, and moved to his old home near Coal Run, O., with his family.

Editor Walter M. Mundell, who had long served faithfully as foreman of printing, resigned his position early in July last to go into other business. His place was filled by the appointment of Mr. Lee.

It was also with much regret that we gave up two of our experienced teachers—Miss Eva L. Owen and Professor Charles L. Zorbaugh, B. A., resigning in the summer.

Professor Richard T. Thompson conducted service in the chapel yesterday. His text was "She hath done what she could."—St. Mark xiv. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Bennett, who attended the Ohio School, live near Council Grove, Kansas. Mr. Bennett, who graduated from that school in 1895, is a farmer. Mrs. Bennett's maiden name was Miss Mary Martin.

G. C. Wardell is working for Mr. Edgerton near Baldwin City.

Mr. Frank Gray, B. A., who is a graduate of the Illinois School, and also the National Deaf-Mute College, is a successful ranchman near Yates Centre.

Charles H. Bell, who ran away from school at Olathe last year (in fall) lives in Wichita with his aunt, Mrs. White.

Eddie H. McIlvaine is visiting in Texas. He is a graduate of the Ohio School. He was once a pupil of the Sunflower State School.

Miss Jalsey Smith lives in Delavan, Kansas. She was educated at the Missouri and Nebraska Schools.

Monroe Nelson is working near Caldwell, Kansas.

John F. Clark, who graduated from school at Olathe in 1886, is working in a printing office in Mound City, Kansas.

Paul Marks had been working for S. W. Hagen at Frankfort for two months. He goes to this state school. Mr. Hagen has a deaf-mute daughter, Miss Maud. She will go to school next October.

Sept. 14, 1891. Tom.

NOTICE.

The meeting of the Guild of the Silent Workers will be held next Tuesday (the 29th), at the Anns' Church basement, at eight o'clock. Every member and outsiders are earnestly invited.

Yours truly,
F. L. PEAK, Sec'y.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Sept. 25.—Cleveland, 8 P.M.
" 27.—Pittsburgh, 10:45 A.M., Trinity Church, Holy Communion.
" 27.—Pittsburgh, 3 P.M., Calvary Church, evening and sermon.

Mr. C. O. Dantzer has kindly offered to hold services for the Rev. A. W. Mann as under:

Sept. 25.—Detroit, 7:45 P.M.
" 27.—Indianapolis, 4 P.M.
Oct. 4.—Evansville, 3 P.M.
" 11.—Cleveland, 4 P.M.
" 13.—Erie, 7:30 P.M.

COLUMBUS.

Well Under Way is the School.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET'S PAPER.

More Nuptials—State Fair—Visitors—Had Her Pocket Picked—Notes.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The school has now been in session a week and every thing moves along without friction. To one unacquainted with an institution like this, the fact that the pupils have just returned from a twelve weeks' vacation would be unnoticeable so smoothly do matters run. Every body is in his place, because every body knows where his or her place is. The only drawback, and it is the same old thing, is the tardiness of some of the pupils. Some are detained at home by sickness, a few by urgent necessity, but the majority have no doubt postponed their coming owing to the State fair, which is in progress this week. The number of pupils enrolled Wednesday morning reached three hundred and fifteen; the end of the week will no doubt see it reach three hundred and fifty.

Miss Leonor Saunders, the last of the teachers appointed, reached the Institution Monday and began her work the next day. Notice of appointment was not sent her till Saturday, hence she could not be here in time for the opening of school. Meanwhile Mrs. Robert Patterson taught her class.

By the resignations of teachers during vacation and appointments of others, some changes in the class rooms were made necessary. Mr. Odebrecht is promoted from the 4th Grammar to the 3d, while Mr. Schory is transferred from 2d Primary to the 4th Grammar. Mr. Zorn takes Mr. Schory's old class, the 1st Primary. Miss Feasley jumps from the 15th Primary to the 4th Primary. There are also several transfers of teachers in the other primary classes.

The Nestor of the Institution papers, the *Chronicle*, made its first appearance for the term Monday, with Principal's name at its masthead as editor. He makes no promises as to what he shall or shall not do, but starts right with business, as if he had been there a score of years.

The leading editorial in the issue is anent President Gallaudet's recent address at Glasgow, which is here with produced:

In view of the untiring activity of the Oralist of our country in propagating their creed which they would have the public believe is "the balm of Gilead" for the ills to which the deaf are heir, it is gratifying to read President Gallaudet's Glasgow address. I have the honor to say that we give us a few more such fearless advocates as the good doctor has proved himself to be, and the Combined Method will give its verdict against pure-oral teaching. Much as our own school has done, it has great things yet to do. May it ever cleave to the Combined Method and prove as great a factor in the future as it has been in the past. May it never pause on its onward march and achievements. And may it be yet more successful in the future in bringing out results as will carry its glories to shine on the heights of light, pointing to the power of the Combined Method in the uplifting of the deaf.

Whatever the other Institutions may do, we trust that our own Institution will ever give its verdict against pure-oral teaching. Much as our own school has done, it has great things yet to do. May it ever cleave to the Combined Method and prove as great a factor in the future as it has been in the past. May it never pause on its onward march and achievements. And may it be yet more successful in the future in bringing out results as will carry its glories to shine on the heights of light, pointing to the power of the Combined Method in the uplifting of the deaf.

Last week we chronicled two weddings among Ohio mutes. This week we have another to add to the list, but the union is between Ohio and Georgia. The parties to be contract are Miss Phoebe King, who closed her school career here in 1886, and Mr. Ardine Rembeck, of Cincinnati, O. Mr. Rembeck received his education in the Georgia Institution for the Deaf, and has for a number of years been a resident of Cincinnati, where he has been employed as a printer. He is quite prominent in the affairs of the Cincinnati deaf-mutes, and is at present president of the Anderson Society.

The wedding took place Wednesday, September 16th, at Newport, Ky., Rev. Mr. Palmer officiating. The happy couple started on a bridal tour to Florida, where, if every thing seems favorable, they will make their home in that State, but wherever they go the best wishes of their friends, will accompany them.

Miss King was the guest of friends in this city for a few hours Friday, and from her we learn that her relatives, in the way of presents, started them well along in the world's goods, one of them being a large sum in dollars from her uncle. She has for a year or more been making her home with her uncle in Plain City, a village a few miles from Columbus.

Mr. Fred Schwartz, after assisting foreman Scott in the Institution printing office during vacation, accepted a call from the Progressive

PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THIS CITY ON THE OPENING DAY OF SCHOOL, AND IS NOW EMPLOYED THERE.

Mr. B. O. Sprague is one of the visitors in Columbus this week, being attracted here by the State Fair.

Mr. Joseph Neutzing, of the class of '91, and who formed one of the Detroit Baseball Club, is in town looking for work as a shoemaker. The club disbanded September 1st for want of funds.

Looks as if John Ryn would play with the Brooklyn National League Club next season, as the following from Sunday's *Enquirer* would indicate:

MARION, OHIO, September 12.—Otto C. Floto, of Chicago, was here to-day as agent for the Brooklyn National League Club, and succeeded in signing John Ryn, of this city, to play first base for the Bridgeport team in 1892. Ryn is the mute that Columbus and other clubs were desirous of signing.

The State Fair has brought an unusual number of former pupils to the Institution this week, who, without exception seem greatly pleased with the condition of things in their *Alma Mater*. Those we have seen to date are Messrs. John Barnes, of Glenford, Willie Hines, John Frazee, Harry Augustus, Willie Norrish, Henry J. Bickensderfer, Laf. Miller, David Patton, all the way from New Hampshire, C. Neuner, Jesse Stewart and John Murphy, foreman of the Arkansas Institution shoe shop; also Misses Clara Burton, Cora Geer, Nettie English, Mrs. Hubbell Johnston, and Miss C. Weidner.

It is reported this evening that Miss Weidner was relieved of her purse, containing \$12, either on the train going to the fair grounds or on the grounds. Just when it was taken she does not know, as she did not discover her loss till about noon. The Institution seemed to be in possession of visitors who have come from early morning to late at night. The visitors' attendants have all they can do to attend to the crowd. People are being shown through the building from fifty upward to one hundred at a time.

Sept. 17, '91.

TORONTO.

SHE HAD LOVED MUCH—A WOMAN'S COURAGEOUS DEFENCE OF A CRIPPLED HUSBAND.

Judge Morson tried his first criminal case yesterday at the Sessions with a jury, and during the long term that it is to be hoped he will adorn the bench, he will meet with no more novel case than that in which he was for the first time called upon to sit as a judge of the county of York with a jury in a criminal case.

It was Quency Rhodes, a married woman who had shot a man who was assaulting her husband, and the witnesses in the case were all deaf, whose evidence had to be interpreted with patience by interpreters, who gave to the court, uneducated in such cases, the results extracted by the deaf and dumb alphabet and the gestures of the witnesses. The defence was that the prisoner was justified in defending her husband, who was a cripple as well as a deaf-mute, and it was in defence of his person and perhaps life that the woman fired the shot. The charge against her was felonious wounding; no witnesses were called for the defence, but the counsel for the prisoner, N. Murphy, Q. C., made an impassioned address to the jury. He pleaded that they in their calm senses and without excitement could not interpret the mind of a woman and her intents when shooting; that the shot was not fired with felonious intent to protect the man she loved, dearer to her perhaps on account of his duplex infirmities, because, in addition to his deafness, he had only one leg, and was attacked by the complainant.

In the course of his address to the jury, Mr. Murphy alluded to the Magdalene who was forgiven her sins because she loved much. The jury returned a verdict negating the felonious wounding, but finding the prisoner guilty of an aggravated assault. Judge Morson for the first time called upon to pronounce sentence on the finding of a jury in a criminal case, and mercifully released the woman, Bessie Rhodes, on suspended sentence, to be called upon when she again misbehaved herself, evidently thinking that her fault should be forgiven because she loved much.

The above shooting affray occurred in the house of Mrs. Barlow, No. 1 Adelaide Place, about 10 P.M., on August 5th. John H. Rhodes and his wife had rooms with Mrs. Barlow, and Boldue was a frequent visitor to the place, and on the night referred to he got into a dispute with Rhodes. A fight ensued, and while the two men were struggling on the floor, Mrs. Rhodes ran upstairs and got a 22-calibre revolver and shot Boldue twice, once in the hip and again in the back. The latter bullet is still in Boldue, as the doctors could not locate it. Both Rhodes and his wife were arrested, but at the examination by the police magistrate John was discharged and his wife committed for trial, which took place on the 15th, as above. A large number of mutes were in court during the trial. Henry Gilbert, a frequenter of the Barlow mansion, who was over-anxious to have Mrs. Rhodes sent down for a time, was backed up during the trial, as the defence thought it would be better to put him where he could not communicate with the witnesses in the box.

A. E. SMITH.

CATAWISSA, PA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Natty J. Ellis, the deaf-mute tailor and the only known citizen of this place. He died of apoplexy, at his home, on the 13th of September, at 3:36 P.M.

He had been tailoring here for many years, and was not married. He was born in Catawissa, on the 6th of March, 1817, and he was just over seventy-four years of age at the time of his death. He was one of the oldest residents of the county, having lived therein all his life. He was educated at the Philadelphia Institution in 1824.

He was buried at the Greenwood Cemetery. His funeral was large. Mr. Ellis was highly esteemed by his deaf-mute and hearing friends and acquaintances, who will feel a deep regret that he is gone from them and a sympathy for the bereaved family, who are mourning their loss.

Our brother, N. J. Ellis, has written, at the request of his pastor, a brief statement of his Christian experience, which we are glad to give to the readers of our banner. Brother Ellis was deprived of both speech and hearing, and could not, therefore, give in his testimony as others do, but we may hear him in his way. The following is what he has written:

DEAR PASTOR:—If it were not for the redemption of Jesus, we would all be lost forever. But Jesus loved the world, so that he came to die for all. I think it is nice to enjoy religion. I have tried to be good for some time, but I know I have made mistakes. I am sorry I cannot hear preaching and the prayers of God's people, which I would enjoy very much. But when I will go to heaven, my ears will be opened and my lips, too, and then I will enjoy myself forever. Therefore, I will not complain of my misfortune, for the Supreme Being knows what is good. I might have been a different man, if I could have heard. I think the church is good.

NAT.

P. S. I must die. I am willing to die. Then I will be happy in Heaven. Happy for ever! Happy for ever.

Please preach my funeral sermon.

NAT.

Thomas Nankivell, of Bloomsburg, Pa., and John P. Detweiler, of Danville, Pa., were in Catawissa, attending the funeral of Natty J. Ellis.

J. P. D.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

It may be safe to say Montgomery can boast of her excellent "silent people," who are doing well and earning money for their living in such a big city as Montgomery. There are four excellent and practical mute printers, three on the *Daily Advertiser* and one on the *Evening Journal*; the first three are Jno. F. Keys, Will Massengill, and Kortum, and the last, Clifton Thompson.

It is claimed that Mr. I. L. Strauss is the only mute in the south who is successful in his cigar business. He understands how to please his customers in the way of furnishing the finest cigars and tobacco, though he does not smoke or chew himself.

There are two mute shoemakers here, who are doing well. Their names are H. V. Owens and W. R. Jones. Mr. Jones is recently from Atlanta, Ga. Also there is a mute negro who is working in a shoe shop. He is not educated, but is doing well.

Messrs. John F. Keys and Will Massengill are anticipating practice in the operation of type-setting machines, as soon as they are put in the office of the *Daily Advertiser*.

Prof. W. S. Johnson, of Talladega, Ala., paid a short visit to his friend, Mr. I. L. Strauss. They went out to fish at Irwin's mills, and had a delightful time.

There were about a dozen new pupils at the depot from the different counties, en route for the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Talladega, Ala.

Mr. I. L. Strauss made a flying visit to Union Springs, where he spent a few precious days with his chums, the Toney folks. Then returned home, taking Miss Mary E. Toney to Montgomery, where she leaves for Talladega to get a position as a teacher.

Messrs. Keys and Massengill and Strauss went out horseback riding, and had a fine time.

We expect to see Mollie Joiner, of Mobile, Mrs. Laura Hugheston, of Mrs. Brundage, of Greenville, Ala., and other mutes, at the Southern Exposition to be held here.

Mrs. John F. Keys is going to contest for the prize, by displaying her crocheting work at the Southern Exposition. We all hope she will win it.

Mrs. H. V. Owens, who has been ill, is fully recovered, and we all are glad to see her well again.

Mr. I. L. Strauss expects his cousin, Mr. E. B. Ries, of Vicksburg, Miss., to come here to attend the Southern Exposition.

Miss Mollie Fleming, of Knoxville, Tenn., is visiting Miss Fannie Byram, in Birmingham, Ala.

We consider Mr. I. L. Strauss as the finest sportsman in our midst. He has a fine setter and pointer, that he prizes highly. He is anxious for the day to come and open for the sport. The law fixes October 15th as the opening.

We expect a good many Southern mutes will attend the World's Fair in 1893.

Baltimore and Washington.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, Rector of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, will hold service as follows:

SUNDAY, SEPT. 27, 1891.

Baltimore—Grace Church (Chapel) 10.45 A.M.

Washington—Ascension Church, 3 P.M.

All deaf-mutes are invited.

BOSTON.

Mr H. C. White to Superintend a Creamery at a Big Salary.

DEATH OF MR. J. F. MIDDLEMAS—NOTES.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

It will be remembered a few months ago Mr. H. C. White came here from Utah, where he had been teaching deaf-mutes and doing some other business for several years, but his profits out in the West did not seem to justify his ambition. His object on coming here was to see if he could fulfill his ambitions. With the aid of his formula for something mysterious, and still his secret (probably forever), and his brother, a creamery company was formed a short time ago and named Hazen & Co. Mr. White and his brother are included in the company, and each of the four members who complete the company receive an equal share of the business, but more than that, Mr. White will receive a salary of \$5,000 as Superintendent of the creamery, now building up in Whitefield, N. H.

You may think creameries are too numerous in this country, that the new one may not be a profitable business; but there is something new in the way of economy that will scoop in a big pile of money, even if the secret is let out a few years afterward.

Mr. White is now waiting for the completion of big churns in Nashua, and expects to start it this or next week. His intimate friend, Geo. W. Holmes, will have a chance for a good place in Mr. White's employ.

Mr. James F. Middlemas, of Somerville, Mass., died last Tuesday, after a ten months' lingering illness. He was educated in Halifax, and came to Boston many years ago. He married a Miss Lafferty, but was afterwards divorced, and a few years later he was married to Mrs. Margaret Crimmon. No children being born to them, they adopted a deaf-mute daughter of the wife's brother. The funeral ceremonies was conducted by Rev. S. S. Scaring, and the deceased was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mr. John T. Tillinghast is a member of the Veteran Firemen Association in New Bedford. He used to run with the fire-pump when he was a boy. The same pump spurted water about 324 feet last week.

The veterans are going to Lowell with the old pump next week, but business prevents Mr. Tillinghast from going there to show his red shirt.

Mr. M. J. O'Neil, of Lowell, came to Boston with Mrs. Mary L. Dorr, whence they went directly to Rev. Mr. S. S. Searing's house on East Brookline Street, and there the minister united them in marriage. They had a wedding tour across the channel in an East Boston ferryboat, and called on his several friends in Chelsea, who were surprised at the marriage. Long live the happy couple.

The Salem Society is still pretty in appearance, and every thing looks neat. Its members appear to love each other, and are willing hands alike.

Mr. Robert Docharty opened the lecture season of the Boston Society with an interesting lecture about Abraham Lincoln, last Wednesday.

Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer lectured about diamonds to the Salem Society.

Mr. H. C. White, for the first time in five years, will give a lecture about "Mines and Mining," to the Gallaudet Society, next Wednesday.

There has been talk among us that Rev. Mr. Searing is trying to get assistance from Rev. Philip Brooks, the bishop-elect of Massachusetts, in securing for a Young Men's Christian Association for deaf-mutes only.

Mr. Harry Jordan is an expert in etching in the establishment of the Boston Photogravure Co., where Mr. Harry E. Babbitt works on photography, H. E. Jellison in routing, and Mr. Wm. Barnard, son of Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, in blocking.

I regret to have made an error in one of my last letters, saying that Mr. Geo. Geo. T. Sanders gets \$2,000 a year in Washington, D. C. He does not get so much, but his position is one that any body would like to have.

LAURENTIUS.

ERRATUM.

ROCKY MOUNT, VA., Sept. 21, 1891.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—I have just seen a report of the speech I made at the Richmond reunion in July last, in your issue of the 10th inst. There are two or three slight inaccuracies, but only one of sufficient importance to require explanation. This occurs in that part of the speech which speaks of the meetings held by farmers, commercial men, and others. The report makes me say "two men" are now holding meetings, asserting their inalienable rights and privileges." Instead of "two men" are holding, etc., it should be "women" are holding, etc.

You would oblige me by making an explanation or correction of this.

Very truly,
G. E. DENNIS.

